

BOB JONES *University*

FIFTY-SECOND COMMENCEMENT

Baccalaureate Service



Founder's Memorial Amphitorium

May 27, 1979

PRELUDE: Concert Variations
on the Austrian Hymn, Opus 3 *John Knowles Paine*
Ed Dunbar, Organist

FANFARE

PROCESSIONAL HYMN: Bob Jones University Hymn *Bob Jones*
(The congregation will stand)

1
Wisdom of God, we would by Thee be taught;
Control our minds, direct our ev'ry thought,
Knowledge alone life's problems cannot meet;
We learn to live while sitting at Thy feet.

2
Light of the world, illumine us we pray,
Our souls are dark, without Thy kindling ray;
Torches unlighted, of all radiance bare,
Touch them to flame, and burn in glory there!

3
Incarnate Truth, help us Thy truth to learn,
Prone to embrace the falsehood we would spurn;
Groping in error's maze for verity,
Thou art the Truth we need to make us free.

4
Giver of life, we would not live to please
Self or the world, nor seek the paths of ease;
Dying Thou bringest life to sons of men;
So may we dying live Thy life again.

5
Captain of Might, we yield to Thy command,
Armored by faith, Thy Word our sword in hand;
Fierce though the battle, Thine the victory,
Bravely we'll strive and more than conq'rors be.

6
Eternal Lord, let heavens pass away,
Earth be removed, no fear our hearts shall sway;
Empires may crumble, dust return to dust;
Secure are they, who in their Saviour trust.

7
Unfailing love, we are so cold in heart,
To us Thy passion for the lost impart;
Give us Thy vision of the need of men.
All learning will be used in service then.

8
Great King of kings, this campus all is Thine.
Make by Thy presence of this place a shrine;
Thee may we meet within the classroom walls,
Go forth to serve Thee from these hallowed halls.
Amen.

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THE UNIVERSITY CREED:

I believe in the inspiration of the Bible, both the Old and the New Testaments; the creation of man by the direct act of God; the incarnation and virgin birth of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; His identification as the Son of God; His vicarious atonement for the sins of mankind by the shedding of His blood on the cross; the resurrection of His body from the tomb; His power to save men from sin; the new birth through the regeneration by the Holy Spirit; and the gift of eternal life by the grace of God.

GLORIA PATRI:

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen.

INVOCATION: Dr. Marvin Lewis, Director of Religious Activities

ANTHEM: O For A Thousand Tongues *Dwight Gustafson*
University Church Choir
William McCauley, Director

OFFERTORY: God of Grace *Paul Manz*

THE SCRIPTURE LESSON: Dr. Bob Jones, Chancellor

HYMN: Praise Ye the Lord,
the Almighty *from Stralsund Gesangbuch*

1

Praise ye the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!
All ye who hear, Now to His temple draw near;
Join me in glad adoration!

2

Praise ye the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!
Hast thou not seen How thy desires e'er have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

3

Praise ye the Lord, who with marvelous wisdom hath made thee!
Decked thee with health, and with loving hand guided and stayed thee;
How oft in grief Hath not He brought thee relief,
Spreading His wings for to shade thee!

4

Praise ye the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
Let the Amen Sound from His people again:
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

Amen.

SOLO: Praise My Soul, the King of Heaven *Joan Pinkston*
Gwen Gustafson, soloist

SERMON: The Reverend J. B. Williams, D.D., Deputation Secretary,
Baptist Mid-Missions

RECESSIONAL HYMN: And Can It Be
That I Should Gain? *Thomas Campbell*
(The congregation will stand)

1

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

2

'Tis mystery all! Th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love Divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3

He left His Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite His grace;
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
 Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray,
 I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
 My chains fell off, my heart was free;
 I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

No condemnation now I dread;
 Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
 Alive in Him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness Divine,
 Bold I approach th'eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, thro' Christ my own.
 Amen.

BENEDICTION: Mr. Bob Wood, Executive Vice President

POSTLUDE: Toccata and Fugue in E Major (BWV 566) *J. S. Bach*